

The Bold Bolster / Julianne Johnson

The Bold Bolster

AFS 1004 B1

There was a bold bolster, in Dublin he did dwell, Who had a lovely woman, and a tailor she loved well. Did you ever hear the story? Then listen what I say, She was walking up Dublin Street, Who but the tailor did she chance for to meet? Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

They wined, dined, and danced, 'twas late by the clock, Then up stepped this bolster and loudly he did knock; Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. They were surprised tailor such a quiet meet, "Now, now my lovely woman and a where shall I creep?" Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

"In yonder cupboard my husband has a chest, Yes in that cupboard a cover you may hide." Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. They hurried, she locked him up, coat, boots and hat; She locked him up with the balance of his cloths. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

She ran downstairs and opened the door, There stood the bolster with a couple other more. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. She kindly saluted him, gave to him a kiss. Says he, "My lovely woman, what do you mean by this?" Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

"I didn't come to rob or break you of your rest, I am going on sea and came for my chest." Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. These two sailors, jolly, jolly, brave and strong, They picked up the chest and wagged it along. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

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They hadn't got more than the middle of the town, Till the weight of the tailor made the sweat tumble down. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. They sat the chest down, to take a moment's rest. Says one to the other, "What the devil's in this chest?" Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

Neither of the two the chest could undo Till up stepped the bolster with the balance of the crew. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. He unlocked the chest in the presence of them all, And there lay the tailor like a hog in the stall. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

"Now I have got you, I'll take you on sea, Not leave you here making trouble for me." Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day. They took him on board, for England they did steer, This is the last of the tailor we do hear. Tum-a-rally, tally-dally, Tum-a-rally, tally day.

Julianne Johnson

AFS 1004 B2

Julianne Johnson don't you cry, ??? went away for to leave you, Just wait a little while, And I come bye and bye, Don't let my parting grieve you.

If ever I marry a high Dutch gal, I'll marry her for riches, I'll marry her for to milk my cows. But she shan't wear my breaches.

[Note: Nye repeats first two verses.]

Coon and possum sure is great, She knows just how to roast them. But the gravy makes my mouth so wet, Yes, sir, before I taste them.

Of all the gals that am in the west, Julianne Johnson is the best.